

**It Shows That You're Alive by Luddleston**

**Category:** Voltron: Legendary Defender

**Genre:** Dirty Talk, Dom/sub, Hint of Praise Kink, Lance cries during sex, Light Bondage, M/M

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Keith (Voltron), Lance (Voltron), Shiro (Voltron)

**Relationships:** Keith/Lance/Shiro

**Status:** Completed

**Published:** 2016-08-22

**Updated:** 2016-08-22

**Packaged:** 2022-12-19 11:29:03

**Rating:** Explicit

**Warnings:** No Archive Warnings Apply

**Chapters:** 1

**Words:** 4,088

**Publisher:** archiveofourown.org

**Summary:**

Lance gets tied up. Again.

At least this time, he's getting double-teamed by his wonderful, terrible boyfriends.

## It Shows That You're Alive

### Author's Note:

Because I had to combine all my headcanons, including "Lance cries during sex," "Lance likes to get told he's a good boy," and "Keith likes to tie Lance to the wall," and others.

The last time Lance was tied to something, it had been at the hands of a girl he was into, on an alien planet, and it nearly ended up with his lion being stolen and his team compromised. Pretty stupid of him, but hey, he'd managed to scrape through.

This time was somehow infinitely better and so, so much worse.

He was tied to a coat-hook on the wall of Shiro's bedroom that he'd never really noticed before, probably because he'd never had a glowing energy cord securing him to it, the position embarrassingly familiar to the one he'd been in when that tragically evil but totally fine space babe handcuffed him to a tree. His hands were bound, wrists together, and there was a short length of cord connecting him to the hook. The stuff tying him up was the same thing as before, but it was blue instead of yellow, because Keith said that looked better with his eyes.

Yeah, well Lance knew what would go better with Keith's eyes: a punch in the nose.

Lance spent most of his time frustrated with Keith, but right now, he was beyond frustrated, and just *fucking pissed*. Keith had approached him in training, sauntering over like he thought he looked cool (he didn't), dodging Lance when Lance tried to "accidentally" kick him in the ribs. He grabbed Lance by the knee, yanked him forward, and caught him when he tripped just a little, because, hey, being pulled over to someone by your knee of all things made it hard to balance.

"Meet me in my room later," Keith had said into Lance's neck, lips just over that one spot that made him shiver and turn to goo just a little. He'd

left after giving Lance a long, slow kiss, and Lance didn't realize Keith had reactivated the training sequence until the robot knocked him on his ass. He'd been too busy thinking about what was gonna happen to him *later*.

Anyway, the whole thing sounded like sex, not like getting stripped to the waist (yeah, that's right, he was shirtless) and forced to recreate what was probably not the single-most embarrassing moment of his life, but was at the very least in the top ten. Keith wasn't even *touching* him, just standing a little ways over his left shoulder, getting naked and ignoring Lance's, "come on, Keith, untie me!" He wasn't too worried he was stuck there permanently, because he was in Shiro's room, and Shiro would untie him as soon as he walked in and found Lance tied up, but Keith was an asshole anyway.

Keith was also exactly the kind of asshole who would step up behind him, close enough that his breath made the hair on the back of Lance's neck stand up, and whisper, "you know what to say if you want me to untie you."

Lance may have lied to Shiro just a little bit when he said he wasn't going to get stubborn about the safeword. He *refused* to be the first one to use it. "Or, I could just seduce you into letting me go free," he joked, subtly canting his shoulders backward to see whether he'd collide with Keith's chest or his face.

Keith moved back with him, and they didn't even touch. Lance found himself disappointed by that. He took a quick look over his shoulder—Keith was completely naked, and he was grinning like an asshole. "You think you could do that?" he said. His fingers traced a gentle path down Lance's spine. Slow, slow, and it had Lance shivering.

"Um, hell yeah, I'm obviously so sexy you can't handle yourself around me," Lance said, "considering the amount of times you've jumped me in the training room, I mean, I've gotta affect you a little bit if I can get you to tackle me to the floor and make out with me 'til you come in your—mmph!" He suddenly found himself unable to speak around one of Keith's gloved palms. What the hell. He was still wearing the *gloves*?

"Shush," Keith said. "Let me tell you what's going to happen."

Lance hoped it'd involve Keith taking his hand off his mouth, because that made it a little hard to sass him about the gloves with one of them in his face.

"I'm going to finish undressing you," he said, which was a good start, all things considered, "then, I'm going to tease you until you're begging for it—" that didn't take much, actually, "—and I'm not going to let you do anything until Shiro gets back. Once he does..." Lance could imagine the self-satisfied smile on Keith's face right now, but he didn't let himself turn and look at it, "...I'm going to show you off to him. I'm going to make you come for him."

He was close to Lance's body again, so close that Lance could almost feel Keith's chest against his back, but he knew if he tried to press himself against Keith, Keith would just duck out of the way. Keith's hands went around Lance's waist, and Lance glanced down to see Keith undoing his fly. Stupid gloves still on and everything.

Keith's fingers framed the open vee in Lance's jeans, and when he pressed his mouth against Lance's shoulders, Lance could feel his lips and teeth—he was smiling. "God, you're getting hard already."

"I mean," Lance said, folding and unfolding his fingers, like he'd gesticulate if he could move his hands at all, "you tied me up and told me you were gonna do sexy stuff to me, so. It's a natural reaction, okay?" He was burning with defensiveness already, about to go into a long tirade about how Keith practically had him conditioned now, half of which was definitely gonna be bullshit, but Keith nudged his hips up against Lance's ass really quick, just once, and let Lance feel that he was getting hard, too.

Keith curled his fingers in the waistband of Lance's jeans and his boxers and the same time, pulling down, tugging until Lance had to step out of them, kicking them off to the side. "Careful," Lance hissed, "it's not like there's a lot of jeans in space, don't fuck up my only pair."

"It's fine," Keith said, warm mouth against Lance's shoulder again. Lance was overcome with this thrill where he wondered what Keith would do next—would it be his neck, his shoulder, his back? Maybe he'd go straight for

Lance's dick, like he almost always did their first few times together, because Keith was the only person in the world more impatient than Lance.

Turns out, Keith just ran his palms down Lance's back, a surprisingly innocent act considering they were both naked and one of them was tied to the wall. "Seriously?" Lance asked, "that's what you start with? And why are you still wearing your gloves?"

Keith swatted him on the ass. "Cut it out," he said. He hadn't spanked Lance too hard, hell, it could hardly have even been called spanking, but it reminded Lance of what Keith liked, of tipping him forward until he spilled into a paladin-shaped puddle on his bed, fucking him hard and smacking that perfect, perfect ass as Keith yelled, goaded him into doing it faster, harder. He was more than halfway hard now, and keeping his breath steady was becoming an effort.

Keith dragged his hands down Lance's chest this time, fingers curling in the further he went, until his knuckles brushed Lance's prominent hipbones. "You're thinking about me, aren't you?" he asked.

"Kind of hard not to. You're right behind me."

He felt Keith's exasperated sigh on his back, and Keith grabbed his shoulders. "Get on your knees," he said, shoving down until Lance had little choice but to obey. Well, his brain reminded him, he could have shaken himself free of Keith's grasp, but then he wouldn't have gotten to experience Keith twisting the cord so Lance could face him, his hands tied above his head instead of straight in front of him now.

"Evening, babe," he said, trying to seem cool and collected, even though he was on his knees, naked and hard, arms pulled up like like Keith was trying to show him off, which. *Damn*. Maybe he was.

"If you don't stop saying stupid shit, I'm gonna have to put something in your mouth."

"I'm sure I've got an idea of what you can shut me up with," Lance said, because he was staring right at Keith's cock, watching it curve up toward

his belly, watching Keith's chest flush red when he realized Lance was staring at his dick. Funny how the guy who'd ordered Lance to sit on Shiro's lap and ride him while Keith watched could look nervous like that. Well. If it took Keith a little while to get worked up to dirty shit, Lance wasn't complaining.

"Well then?" Keith said, "go ahead."

Without his hands to pull Keith forward, Lance had to stick his neck out to reach him, lips just barely closing over the head of Keith's cock. Lance thought he was maybe licking Keith's dick like a lollipop, but that was stupid and sounded like a bad song lyric, so he tipped his head to the side and stuck his tongue out, tracing the ridge defining the head of Keith's cock, trying his damndest to tempt Keith into taking a little half-step forward.

It worked, oh *yeah*, did it work, just a couple more rolls of his tongue over the slit and Keith was crowding him back against the wall, one hand grabbing the hair on the back of Lance's head that was just this side of too short to pull, his other bracing himself against the wall. Lance remembered Keith's face from the first time he'd casually mentioned he didn't have a gag reflex—it was during some weird *episode* in which Coran had been trying to compare the human uvula with an Altean's, and Hunk refused to let him anywhere near the back of his throat with that stick. Lance hadn't given a shit, and when he explained why, Keith and Shiro had both, unsurprisingly, gone red.

That night, Lance had sucked them both off, and while he was apparently too loose with his teeth, he could deepthroat like a fucking *boss*.

He didn't get to show off much technique this time, because Keith was fucking his mouth sloppily, and there was little more he could do besides hold himself still and take it and *fuck*, that should not have made him so hot. He could feel his own pulse in his cock, and he pulled against his bonds, because he wanted nothing more than to jerk himself off while Keith fucked into his mouth, but he couldn't. He moaned, and it would've been Keith's name if his mouth hadn't been full.

“Yeah, that’s good, that feels so good,” Keith moaned, fingers digging into the back of Lance’s skull. Lance wanted to ask if Keith was gonna come in his mouth, wanted some reassurance that Keith was enjoying himself enough to come. Wanted to know that even though he was just sitting there, he was doing a good job.

He got his answer when Keith came, spilling all over Lance’s tongue and his lips, dripping down his chin. Lance tipped his head to the side and spit, grimacing up at Keith. Normally, when he gave head, he made sure he had it in the back of his throat when they came, so he didn’t have to taste anyone’s jizz. Because god, that stuff was *foul*.

“You’re gross,” he said, his voice hoarse.

“Sorry,” Keith said in a very unapologetic way, using his thumb to clean off Lance’s lips and chin. His mouth still tasted bitter, and he swallowed, hoping the taste would disappear. Keith’s fingers were on his throat when he swallowed, his Adam’s apple bobbing against them. Lance could only imagine how he looked now, his hair askew from Keith’s hands in it, flushed bright red, a messy smear of half-wiped-away come on his chin. Mouth open, chest heaving, cock flushed dark and unbelievably hard—he was a fucking mess.

Keith liked him messy, though.

Shiro opened the door to his room and Lance heard the dull thud of his robotic arm against his side as he dropped his hands once he caught sight of them. “Um. What are you...?” he began, because Keith was *in the fucking way*, and Shiro couldn’t see Lance, couldn’t see how fucking debauched he looked, and Lance hissed at Keith to move, because he wanted Shiro to see.

Keith stepped to the side and Shiro took a few more steps forward, his eyes widening when he caught sight of Lance all trussed-up on his floor. “Are you... are you, uh, enjoying yourselves?”

“We’ve been having fun,” Keith said, and yep, there was the sex-voice, the voice that had told Lance, *“touch yourself while he fucks you, look how much he likes you squirming on his cock like that.”* He shuddered a little,

*the head of his cock going wetter. “Lance wanted to show you something, didn’t you?” He tipped his head to Lance, and Lance’s hips shifted a little because he knew what game they were playing, and he knew why they were playing it.*

*“Keith tied me up like this for you,” he said to Shiro, taking a sharp breath in when Shiro took a seat with his back against the bed, opposite Lance on the floor, legs spread wide. Lance wondered if he was getting hard. He couldn’t really tell yet, but he hoped the way he looked right now was turning Shiro on. All things considered, Lance would be happy if Shiro was even a tenth as horny as he was right now.*

*“Lance,” Keith said, standing, circling him until he was right above Lance’s shoulder, one hand petting his messy hair. He was still wearing the motherfucking gloves. “Tell Shiro what’s going to happen tonight.”*

*Lance scrabbled for the memory of what Keith had told him, and suddenly wanted to close his legs because he felt like he was on display and on trial all at the same time. “He’s...” he began, “he said...”*

*“No,” Keith said, fingers going tight in Lance’s hair, not enough that it hurt, but it prickled a little. It also felt like how Keith grabbed Lance’s head while he was fucking his throat, so that didn’t help his recall much. “Tell him what you’re going to do, not what I said you’d do.”*

*“I’m... I’m not gonna be able to... Keith, seriously?”*

*“Yeah, seriously,” Keith said.*

*Lance dropped his head to his chest because he couldn’t look at Shiro while he said it. “I’m going to be good for you,” he said, “I’m going to... fuck, Shiro. I’m gonna come for you, if you, if he. If one of you lets me.”*

*“We’ll let you,” Shiro said softly. He had his forearm propped up on his thigh, and his fingers traced the bulge of his cock in his pants. “You look gorgeous like that, Lance,” he said, “what do you want to do?”*

*“I was kinda hoping you’d tell me that.”*



*Shiro's sharp little inhale told Lance that had been the right thing to say. Something in him eased immediately, but that may have had something to do with Keith going to his knees behind him and kissing his shoulders, pressing a switch to loosen the cord that was tying Lance to the wall, putting more slack in it until Lance could bring his hands down in front of himself. He couldn't pull it far enough to touch himself without some serious acrobatics, but he didn't have his shoulders yanked into a weird position anymore.*

*They were going to take care of him. They always did.*

*Keith laid kisses on his neck and shoulder, his hands coming down to spread over Lance's hips, black gloves framing his cock, and okay, maybe that looked a little sexy. "He sucked me off earlier, you know," he said to Shiro, "even though he was all tied up, he wanted to. It felt so good." Keith made this exaggerated little moan into Lance's shoulder and his fingers tightened on Lance's hips, and Lance squirmed a little, because he wanted Keith to touch him, not just hold him. Keith sunk his teeth into Lance's neck, biting and sucking on his smooth skin.*

*"Oh, god," Shiro said, "wish I'd seen that."*

*Lance pressed his hips forward into Keith's hands, a sharp, whining gasp dragging out of his throat. "Look at this," Keith said, tilting Lance's head to the side with one hand to show off the hickies he'd left on Lance's neck, and Shiro made a resonant, appreciative noise. "You know how much he likes to have his neck touched."*

*Shiro actually reached out and dragged his hand over the love bites, his palm making the raw skin feel even warmer than the rest of his overheated body.*

*"Touch his cock," Shiro said, his voice gentle, and Keith's fingers brushed over the head of Lance's cock. He held his hand up after, extending it to show Shiro his slick fingertips. Shiro took Keith's wrist with one hand and bent his head to lick Lance's pre off Keith's fingers. Lance shivered, hips pressing hard against Keith's hand again because he couldn't keep himself still. Shiro sucked Keith's fingers into his mouth, and Lance watched all the*

*while, wishing he could have those full, perfect lips around his cock right now.*

*When Shiro's eyes flickered to his just to make sure he was watching, Lance knew he was doomed. He didn't have the will to keep himself from moaning, and it was a damn good thing he didn't, because Shiro rewarded him by lowering his head to kiss his neck, just little, feathery things, but it was right over where Keith had bitten and bruised him, and his skin was sensitive enough that every press of Shiro's lips to his skin felt like fire. When he dropped his head to his chest because he couldn't handle it anymore, he could see his cock dripping onto the floor. This was a whole new level of horny.*

*Lance struggled against the cuffs that bound him, but could only get the intensely strong magnets about an inch away from each other before they snapped back together. He wanted to touch them, to grab Shiro and pull him in for a kiss, to pull Keith's arms around him, but he couldn't move. His breath choked in his throat, and his eyes started to sting.*

*The first time Lance had cried during sex, he'd surprised himself almost as much as he'd surprised his boyfriends. Shiro was infinitely concerned, slowing things down for a bit (he'd been fucking Lance when it happened), asking him if he needed to stop for a bit. Lance begged him to keep going, instead, tears rolling down his cheeks, and Keith had praised him nonstop for the rest of the night. They soon realized Lance almost always cried when he was overwhelmed, and every time he did, Shiro would kiss him and gentle him, and Keith would lose his fucking mind.*

*"Can you stand?" Shiro asked him, voice soft in his ear, and Lance nodded—he wasn't that far gone.*

*"Good," Shiro said, and he put his hands on Lance's waist, steadying him as he stood. Keith readjusted his arms, shortening the cord. "Okay," Shiro nosed at Lance's collarbones, breathing in deep, and he put his hands behind Lance's thighs, one hand warm, the robotic one a little chilly against his overheated skin. "I'm gonna pick you up," he said, going to his knees, and Lance realized then exactly what was about to happen.*

*God, finally.*

*Keith pressed his front to Lance's back as Shiro adjusted him, the muscles in his arms and shoulders bunching up as he worked to hold Lance. The rope took some of the pressure off of Shiro, but for the most part, he was holding Lance with his own strength. And fuck, that very nearly had Lance coming on Shiro's chest before Shiro could even get Lance's dick in his mouth.*

*"You're too nice to him," Keith said, one arm winding around Lance's shaky chest, his fingertips digging in.*

*"I didn't say I was gonna be nice," Shiro said, laying kisses along Lance's inner thigh.*

*"Oh my god, would you just suck me off already," Lance whined, tipping back into Keith's touch and pushing his hips forward until his cock slid along Shiro's cheek. Tears collected in the corners of Lance's eyes and Shiro tilted his head, his lips meeting Lance's dick, wet and warm and oh, he wanted in there.*

*"Beg for it," Keith ordered, pressing kisses to Lance's ear.*

*Lance leaned his head back, dropping it onto Keith's shoulder. "Fuck," he moaned, as Shiro licked his cock once, then leaned away. "Please, Shiro. I need you, holy shit, please. Anything." His deep, labored breaths pushed Keith's hand out where it was still resting on his chest, and Shiro kissed the head of Lance's cock, lips smacking, and then he opened his mouth.*

*This was too much. Lance could only handle so much, and he already had tear tracks running down his cheeks, and his breathing was little more than choked sobs. At one point, he lost himself in the feeling of Shiro swallowing him down so much, he didn't even realize he was basically on the edge of hyperventilating. Keith was saying something, but Lance was beyond listening, and it all just sounded like a string of soothing nonsense. He was so close, and Shiro's mouth was heaven.*

*Shiro pulled off, and Lance couldn't think anymore. "Are you oka—" Shiro began, but Lance, in lieu of answering, came all over Shiro's face. He*

*might've screamed a little, too. When he came down from his high, Shiro and Keith both had their arms around him, holding him tight and Keith was murmuring something in his ear.*

*Lance looked down at Shiro and grinned at the sight of the line of his come bisecting Shiro's scar. "I'm..." He breathed a long sigh. "I'm great."*

*Shiro undid the catch on the cuffs, and Lance sunk down into Keith's arms, watching Shiro kiss Keith long and hard over his shoulder. Keith chuckled into Shiro's mouth and reached up to thumb the evidence that Lance was most definitely okay off Shiro's nose. Shiro was still hard—Lance could feel it against his thigh, but Keith hand a hand around his cock and Shiro was pushing up into his grip, the head of his cock riding into Lance's hip. He tipped his head against Lance's neck and kissed him over and over, teeth digging in as he fucked Keith's hand.*

*"He's gonna come," Keith said, nosing just behind Lance's ear. "Watching you like this has him so worked up, look how close he is."*

*Lance couldn't really look at much anyway, since he was about to fucking pass out after everything the two of them had done to him. But he could feel Shiro's come on his hip and his belly, could feel the breath leaving his mouth in sharp bursts as he laughed a little against Lance's shoulder.*

*"Come on," Shiro said, pulling on Lance, leading him and Keith toward the bed. They were sticky and disgusting, but Lance, his legs still wobbly, wanted nothing more than to cuddle his boyfriends forever.*

*They ended up with Shiro flat on his back on the bed with Lance curled on top of him, Shiro curling his fingers in Lance's hair and pressing sweet little kisses to the top of his head, his other arm slung around the small of Lance's back. Keith was on his side laying against them, kissing Lance, their chins bumping, and Keith's hand on Lance's cheek, thumbing over his cheekbone. "I love you guys," Lance mumbled, "I can't believe you did that to me."*

*He felt the rumble of Shiro's laugh in his chest. "Keith told me about it his plans beforehand, I... I hope it was okay for you," he said, his fingers*

*clenching a little on Lance's back.*

*"It was so good," Lance sighed, "I loved it. I love you."*

*Keith kissed him on the chin. "We love you, too."*

*"Oh, shut up," Lance said, but it had no bite. "Next time, we're tying you to the wall."*

**Author's Note:**

Hey so if you, too, enjoy this ship, visit me on tumblr @luddlestons or on my NSFW tumblr @seldula so we can have a great time because I need more people to talk to about these queer kids in space.